

T H E

LEWES NEWSMEN'S ADDRESS

T O

Their worthy MASTERS and MISTRESSES,

For the NEW YEAR, 1792.

BEHOLD in fleet, eventful round,
Another circling year is crown'd;
And we in rude, unletter'd lay,
Our humble gratulations pay:
May pleasures new, as is the year,
Our gen'rous Benefactors cheer;
May you, kind Sirs, and Ladies fair,
Each blessing of the season share,
Nor share alone, but part dispense,
The kindly Stew'rds of Providence.

If e'er the miscellaneous page
Of LEWES JOURNAL did engage
One happy moment of your time
With moral, politics, or rhyme,
Now let your wonted, annual mite
It's weekly Bearer's toil requite.
Thro' him, in part, you've learn'd the fate
Of Tippoo Saib, and Russian Kate;
The fierce Potemkin's bloody work
Against the Tartar and the Turk;
What feats the Quixote Swede achiev'd,
No foe subdu'd, no friend reliev'd;
Learn'd how the whistler'd German bore
The sword of death 'long Danube's shore;
How, tam'd at length by plague and war,
The Porte has hous'd Bellona's car;
How fertile Poland's fallow soil,
Of foreign Despots long the spoil,
Has smil'd at last beneath the ray
Of bloodless Freedom's genial day:
The feudal shackles of the Boor
And useful Burgher now no more,
Enfranchis'd Millions loud proclaim
Great Poniatowski's honor'd name.

Your Newsmen would in dogg'rel lay
The fame of Gallic freedom say,
But mobs and murders, plots and plans,
Contriv'd by stern Republicans,
Have rudely snapp'd the social chain
Which Reason holds in Freedom's fane,
And left th' intoxicated Frank
To rue the madd'ning dose he drank.
A cypher King, a ruling rout,
Distrust at home, and foes without;
Their Churches empty as their Coffers,
Impov'rish'd, Anti-christian scoffers!
The Revolution Bark aground,
They've nought of Freedom but the sound.
Soon may the wild, impetuous tide
Of innovation there subside;
And Wisdom's mod'rate voice restrain
The bold effusions of a PAINE.
We little thought old neighbour* TOM
To such distinction e'er would come:
The quondam Gauger of our beer
Now dares at Kings themselves to sneer,

While that state Metaphor—a Crown,
His "Rights of Man" would fain pull down.

But from his strong, disloyal page,
And France convuls'd with civil rage,
Now turn we to an happy land
Where Wealth and Wisdom, hand in hand,
Exalt the social state of man,
And build degrees on Freedom's plan.
Hail! Britain, glorious Queen of Isles,
Where peace and plenty deal their smiles,
Where ev'ry rank, where ev'ry station
Is free—in due subordination.
Alike the Prince, the Peer, and Hind
In British laws protection find.
By commerce sought, see ev'ry store
Of foreign climes on Britain's shore,
While hers, improv'd by toil and art,
In ev'ry clime obtain a mart.
This Island Europe lately saw
To warring Empires dictate law;
Make conqu'ring Russia's carnage cease,
And trembling Asia blest with peace.

Yet all this greatness bears alloy,
Like ev'ry good that men enjoy.
Here wealth corruptive lures with gold
Till purse-proud, pamper'd guilt grows bold,
The treasures scrap'd in either Ind,
Are hither waisted by the wind,
And, drawn from virals of the Slave,
The British Freeman's heart deprave.
Too oft have Senates own'd their pow'r:
Like Jove they tempt in golden show'r.
For them the Virgin barter's fame;
For them the Statesman d—ns his name;
For them the Gambler loads the dice;
For them the Churchman flatters vice;
For them the Bard in servile rhymes
Applauds the Nabob's gilded crimes.
For them the Lawyer makes a Libel
Of Truth as clear as holy Bible.

But well acquir'd and well bestow'd,
To Heav'n they pave a pleasant road:
Not here unknown that use of riches:
Lord, how the palm of Newsmen itches!
A palm well season'd in your service:
Behold how harden'd ev'ry nerve is;
And harder still they'll grow for you
While I trudge on with Ninety two,
And drag thro' mire my weary feet,
Or swelt'ring pant in summer's heat.
Mean while may you each bliss receive
That Heav'n to man vouchsafes to give:
One gloomy day may you not know,
Nor yet an hour obscur'd by woe,
Till with fresh Rhymes I call to see
My bounteous friends in Ninety-three.

* Mr. PAINE resided many years in Lewes.